

**VOLUME 1      NUMBER 20**

A young lady—a sensible girl—gives the following catalogue of the different kinds of love: ‘The sweetest, a mother’s love; the longest, a brother’s love; the strongest, a woman’s love; the dearest, a man’s love; and the sweetest, longest, strongest, and the dearest love—a love of a bonnet.’



# IN. ROSSER, and Proprietors.

The shooting of the editor of the Dayton Empire may be looked upon as the effect of party hatred. A staunch and unflinching democrat, who boldly and fearlessly depicted the evils of abolitionism, his life's blood was made to atone at the assassin's hand. After shooting of Mr. BOLLMEYER, the excitement was said to be intense, a mob of several hundred persons collected for the purpose of taking the murderer from the jail and hanging him to the nearest tree. The Mayor succeeded for a time in quelling the riot. In the afternoon the crowd again assembled, but no demonstrations were made. In the evening, about seven o'clock, the mob again assembled, and proceeded to the jail with two swiftness, for the purpose of breaking down the jail doors and dragging Brown from his cell to be executed. The guns were captured by the police, and the rioters quelled.

We publish below the testimony given at the Coroner's Inquest:

TESTIMONY OF F. P. CUPPY.

I have known deceased for some time. His name is BOLLMEYER—don't know his Christian name—think his initials are J. P. This morning when I was going home from market, I saw deceased and Henry M. Brown, standing near each other, apparently conversing. They were in front of Mrs. Stutsman's on 2nd Street. I first observed them when I was about half-way between Omer's corner and Mrs. Stutsman's. The deceased had one foot on the horse block, and had his market-basket resting on his knee, with his arm through the handle of the basket. When I had advanced to within ten or fifteen feet of the parties, Mr. Brown said to BOLLMEYER, "You did abuse me," and I think he said "last night," but I can't be certain. BOLLMEYER replied, "I did not abuse you," to which Brown replied, "You are a damned liar." I had then just passed them—but had kept my eye on them all the time. BOLLMEYER then set his basket down on the horse-block and advanced a little toward Brown, who retreated three or four steps, and drew a pistol. BOLLMEYER then retreated a short distance and turned partly round. Brown aimed the pistol and held it toward BOLLMEYER. BOLLMEYER said to Brown "Don't shoot!" and held up his hands. I did not think Brown would shoot, but in a moment more the pistol fired, and BOLLMEYER fell. Brown stood a moment—then turned and went away.

BOLLMEYER motioned to me and seemed to be trying to speak. I ran to him and put my hand under his head. He said, "my wife," and I put my lips to his ear and asked him if he wanted me to inform his wife of what had happened. He nodded his head several times and smiled. I told him I would break the intelligence to her as kindly as I knew how.

Christian Breene and Mr. Crumbaugh came up and shortly after others. I asked some one to summon a physician and shortly Dr. Jewett came, and shortly afterward I went away.

Question by the Coroner—What was the manner of the parties during the conversation and interview between them.

Neither of them appeared to be much excited till Brown called BOLLMEYER "a damned liar." Then BOLLMEYER seemed to be stung by the imputation, but he did nothing violent to Brown, nor was his manner as he advanced toward Brown indicative of violence. I saw no weapon in his hands. He made no effort to take hold of or strike Brown.

Question by same—How far was Brown from deceased when he fired at him, and how far were you?

I should think about ten feet, and I was about the same distance, but in an opposite direction. [Signed.] F. P. CUPPY.

B. C. CRUMBAUGH'S TESTIMONY.

I was returning from market, and when opposite the boarding house of Mrs. Stutsman, saw Mr. Henry M. Brown and Mr. J. P. BOLLMEYER standing near the edge of the pavement. Mr. Brown on the pavement and Mr. BOLLMEYER standing in the gutter with his market-basket on the left arm, and his right around the tree-box. Mr. Brown called Mr. BOLLMEYER "a damned liar," when Mr. BOLLMEYER set down his basket and stepped upon the pavement, but as far as I could judge, not making any hostile demonstrations. I was then standing not more than four or five feet from both of them. Mr. Brown reeled a couple of steps backward—thrust his hand into the right pocket of his pantaloons, drew forth a pistol and advanced a step, and at about the same instant that he cocked it, said "God damn you," or merely damned, "I will shoot you." Mr. BOLLMEYER exclaimed, "Don't shoot, Henry." I did not think that Brown would shoot, neither do I think that Mr. BOLLMEYER expected that he would; but he did shoot, and Mr. BOLLMEYER fell upon his back, his head striking within a foot of where I was standing. When Mr. Brown shot he was not over four or five feet from the deceased, and I was about the same distance, at a right angle, from him. Mr. CUPPY came up immediately. I asked the deceased whether he was much hurt. He nodded his head. I then examined his head, and after seeing the location of the wound, asked him no further questions. He was struggling very hard to speak, and made some kind of a sound to Mr. CUPPY, but not distinct enough for one to recognize the language.

Question by Coroner—Describe the manner and temper of the parties before and after the shooting?

Mr. Brown seemed to be very much excited, but did not think that Mr. BOLLMEYER was unusually excited. He made no demonstration as if endeavoring to take a concealed weapon from his pocket, and as far as I could see, did not even hold his fist. Mr. Brown said not a word after he shot, but replaced his pistol in his pocket and walked away.

THE MOVEMENT IN KENTUCKY.—"Never, since the war commenced," says the Greenville (Tenn.) *Democrat*, of the 20th, "has there been so grand and profitable a tour made as the one now just accomplished by General Bragg. Just think of it, he has captured from the enemy, and purchased from the citizens together, enough to load a train of wagons forty miles long. His whole army has fallen back toward the Gap to protect his valuable train, and as it is now safe from capture, Bragg will retire with his army just where it suits him. The arrival of this train in this country, as it is bringing one million yards of good Kentucky jeans, two million shoes, two hundred wagon-loads of bacon, six thousand barrels of pickled pork, fifteen thousand good mules and horses, eight thousand beaver, and a large lot of hogs. No wonder Bragg's army fell back to protect such a valuable cargo."

THE IRISH DEFILITION OF AN OPEN CONTEMPT.—"The Irish defilition of an open contempt" is not a bad one: "A mouth from ear to ear."

Speaking of fashionable hats, should one say, "the latest style" or the "latest tie?"

# AN EMINENT ENGLISH LAWYER'S OPINION OF OUR POLITICS.

EDWIN JAMES, Esq., of New York, an eminent English lawyer who has recently taken up his residence in that city, was called out at a late Democratic meeting in New York. After returning his acknowledgments he said:

"At present I have not become a member of any political organization in this country. I have become an inchoate citizen. I have taken out my papers, and at the proper time I trust I shall aspire to that which is the highest aim in a free country—to take my part in the ordinary questions of political affairs."

"Upon the other questions that are now attracting the attention of this country, I am forming my opinions. But there is one question upon which as an inchoate citizen of this country I desire to explain my opinion. I doubt almost at this time whether I breathe the free air of America—whether I breathe the free air of the American Continent, when I see the trial by jury denied, the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, when I see persons imprisoned, and it is declared that the employment of impartial counsel will aggravate their offense—when I see these things going on I must doubt I am breathing the free air of America. It was hardly possible to believe that a man could be here arrested by telegraph and without authority—it was things like these that destroyed every notion which a European had of liberty in the United States."

"I was amused, said Mr. James, in continuing, when the other day, a gentleman came to me—he was a client, and as I do not get many of them at present, I remember him very well—and I said, 'What has been the matter with you?' He said, 'I have been in Fort Mellen for two months.' 'What did you go there for?' 'I don't know; I was arrested by telegraph.' [Laughter.] 'How did you get out?' 'I don't know; I got out by telegraph.' [Laughter.] 'Where are you going now?' 'I don't know; I suppose they will give me a little change, and I will go to Fort Lafayette.' [Laughter.] There was but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

"The dream of the poet and the enthusiast in the brightest aspiration for liberty had been almost realized in this country, but how changed were circumstances now. I can scarcely believe—said Mr. James—that I tread the free soil of America, or breathe the wholesome atmosphere of freedom. [Applause.] He implored all his fellow-citizens to allow none—not the smallest invasion of their political Constitution. One precedent creates another; they soon accumulate and become law. The laws must flourish with our Constitution. They grow out of it and will expire with it. You must guard with jealousy the bright inheritance of freedom, and transmit it unimpaired to your successors. Tried by jury, the right of free discussion, the liberty of the press, the writ of *habeas corpus*, are the foundations of freedom; they are the columns which support the whole superstructure of civil and religious liberty. [Loud applause.]"

From the Chicago Times.

THE PRACTICAL EFFECT OF NEGRO FANATICISM.

On Madison street, in this city, there is a boarding-house kept ostensibly for the accommodation of white people, by a woman of the Harriet Beecher Stowe Live Stone order, who has a growing faith in Abolitionism. Her boarding-house is kept in pretty good style, and is consequently patronized by a number of respectable male and female boarders.

The mistress of the house always endeavors to care for the comfort of her guests, but never fails on a fit opportunity to advance her views on the subject of negroes. Her admiration of them seems to have increased until it amounts almost to infatuation. She reads all the Abolition tracts, including the late emancipation proclamation, sings all the Abolition hymns, 2123 daily on a ten-cent photograph of Fred Douglass, and each night praying for the liberation and enlightenment of the whole negro race. A day or two since this fine female reformer determined to carry her notions into execution. She did so, and enclosed in one of her best rooms a regular African. The next day at dinner the boarders were astonished to find their new boarder sitting at the table. They immediately rose with one accord and withdrew from the room, leaving the shade and his admiring female to dispatch the dinner. The insulted guests held a consultation in the parlor. A pronouncement was drawn up and signed by all the boarders, declaring the affair to be an outrage, and demanding the immediate departure of the African. This brought the woman to her senses. That evening the negro was gone. The experiment was a failure.

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.—Well, what of that? Who wants to be a mossy old stone, away in some damp corner or a pasture, where sunshine and fresh air never come, for the cows to rub themselves against, and for snails and bugs to crawl over and toads to squat under among poisonous weeds? It is far better to be a smooth and polished stone, rolling along in the brawling stream of human life, wearing off the rough corners, and bringing out the firm crystalline structure of the granite, or the delicate veins of the agate, or the chalcedony. It is this perpetual chafing and rubbing that sort of grit man is made of, and what use he is good for. The sandstone and soapstone are soon ground down to sand and mud, but the firm rock is selected for the towering fortress, and the diamonds are cut and polished for the monarch's crown.

THE MOVEMENT IN KENTUCKY.—"Never, since the war commenced," says the Greenville (Tenn.) *Democrat*, of the 20th, "has there been so grand and profitable a tour made as the one now just accomplished by General Bragg. Just think of it, he has captured from the enemy, and purchased from the citizens together, enough to load a train of wagons forty miles long. His whole army has fallen back toward the Gap to protect his valuable train, and as it is now safe from capture, Bragg will retire with his army just where it suits him. The arrival of this train in this country, as it is bringing one million yards of good Kentucky jeans, two million shoes, two hundred wagon-loads of bacon, six thousand barrels of pickled pork, fifteen thousand good mules and horses, eight thousand beaver, and a large lot of hogs. No wonder Bragg's army fell back to protect such a valuable cargo."

# LOSSES OF THE TWO ARMIES.—THE BALANCE SHEET.

The Richmond *Dispatch* contains a long and interesting exhibit of the losses of the two armies, from the crossing of the Rapidan to the close of recent operations on the Potomac. We give an extract:

The government has accurate lists of our killed, wounded and missing. From the Rapidan, all through the campaign to Harper's Ferry, they number about 11,500. At Sharpsburg, our loss was about 5,000. But suppose we had lost 30,000, as McClellan's lying reports indicate. Suppose, too, he lost no more than he allows, that is to say, 14,796 men, at Sharpsburg and the preceding engagements. Still his campaign is an unprofitable one, for his losses are nearly as great as ours, even according to this statement. At Harper's Ferry he lost 11,500; at Sharpsburg, 14,796, at Harper's Ferry again, 3,000 killed. Here his losses are 29,296 in all, part ascertained from his own statement, part ascertained from the statements of our Generals—and he does not claim to have inflicted on us as a loss of more than 30,000—thirteen guns. We took twenty-three at Harper's Ferry. Balance in our favor, sixty guns. Taking the whole campaign, even on this statement, from the Rapidan to Winchester, it is enormously in our favor. Still more is it so when we look at it through the medium of other statements, combined with this.

Let us see what will be the result if we take our own statements for our losses and their statements for their losses.

Our loss in the whole campaign, from the Rapidan to the recrossing into Virginia, was, according to the statement of Mr. Crocker, about 11,500 killed, wounded and missing. The Yankee loss at Harper's Ferry was, according to the own admission, the same. These two losses balance each other, and all that is left clear gain to us. First, they admit a loss of 3,000 at Cedar River (they actually lost more—nearly 7,000). Pope says he lost on the banks of the 29th of August, 8,000. The *Baltimore American*, or *Star* (we do not recollect which, but we published the statement at the time) says they lost 17,000 in all the campaign up to the second battle of Manassas, which would give six thousand for the battle of the 25th. Pope, we believe, says they lost 7,000 at Manassas (General Lee, by the by, he is proud that number on the field). McClellan says they lost 14,796 at South Mountain and Antietam. Lastly, at the crossing, when they were attacked by A. P. Hill, they lost 3,000 killed, wounded and missing. Total, in round numbers, are added to their own statements, with regard to their own losses, 42,000 clear balance in our favor.

But the real loss was far greater. General Lee pressed 7,000 prisoners on the field of battle at Manassas. Three thousand wounded prisoners who were captured by us had not had their wounds dressed on the third day after the battle. Every man who saw the field says there were at least five dead or wounded Yankees to one Confederate. Every man who saw the field of Sharpsburg says there were five or six Yankees lying there to one Confederate. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says McClellan lost 28,000 men there. This we have no doubt, is within the mark; for McClellan has never yet acknowledged the half of his loss on a single occasion. His loss on the 14th all Confederate accounts put down as at least 5,000. Here, then, is a statement of what we believe to be very nearly the loss of the Yankees since Jackson first crossed the Rapidan:

From the Rapidan to 30th of Aug.	29,000
Battle 30th August	27,000
Battle 14th September	5,000
Battle of Sharpsburg	23,000
Battle with A. P. Hill	3,500
Capture of Harper's Ferry	11,500
Total	95,000

Such we believe to be very nearly the true state of the case. We believe that killed, wounded, drowned and taken prisoners, the Yankees have lost, in the campaign from the Rapidan, at least that number of men, and we give our reasons above for thinking so. How many more they may have lost from disease we can not say; but that the campaign has been to them a terribly destructive one, does not admit of a doubt. They pretend to have won a great victory at Sharpsburg. If so, why do they not follow General Lee and destroy his army? They boasted of their intention to do so, yet they have not tried it.

THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER, having accepted as true the assertion of the New York *Evening Post* that the republican party, having accomplished the object for which it has formed, (the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and the prohibition of slavery in the Territories) has expired, has christened the successor of this republican party the military abolition party, because it seeks to abolish slavery by military force; and the *Intelligencer* might have added, because it seeks to abolish the constitutional rights of white men by military force.

Among the wounded sent from the battle-field near Perryville to Hospital No. 5, in New Albany, was a full-blooded negro named Pendleton, enlisted in Company I, Twenty-first Wisconsin Volunteers. He was in the battle and received a flesh wound in the thigh.

The redoubtable X, in payment for a cigar, pulled out a little swab of gummy, grey, filthy postage stamps. "Can't you give me hard money?" asked the cigar lady. "Well, Madam," responded X, "I have seen very little harder looking money than that!"

# REBEL REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVING AT HOLLY SPRINGS.

CAIRO, November 3.—Advices from Holly Springs to Wednesday say that large reinforcements from Texas and Louisiana are pouring in. There was no movement of rebel troops from that place, except Villipigne's brigade, to Meridian.

The people of Meridian and other property into the interior.

The Grenada Appeal says Judge John O. Campbell has been appointed Assistant Secretary of War of the Southern Confederacy, Vice Professor Bledsoe resigned.

The Federal forces at Island Number Ten again occupy the Tennessee shore, and are now constructing a fort under the protection of the Federal gunboats.

A dispatch from Jackson, Tenn., dated the 21, says: "News received at General Grant's Headquarters yesterday from the South via R. R. confirm the capture of Mobile."

PHILADELPHIA, November 3

The Washington Star says last night the advance of the Army of the Potomac, under General Burnside, Fuz John Porter and others, doubles bismarcked upon the line of the Alexandria and Winchester turnpike from Upperville, three miles in front of below Ashby's Gap, down to Middleburg, a distance of ten miles.

The cavalry must have halted for the night very near, if not on the line of the Manassas Gap Railroad somewhere between Front Royal and Thoroughfare Gap.

The force of Sigel, which took up the line of march early yesterday, must have advanced upon the line of the same railroad to Thoroughfare Gap ere nightfall, if not beyond that point, while another division of the army in front of Washington, under Sickles, at the same time was doubtless advancing in the rear of Sigel, and at night within supporting distances of him.

Such, we judge from our knowledge of the country roads, &c., to have necessarily been the movement east of the Blue Ridge. The march of Gen. Sickles' division yesterday before Alexandria, almost to the City, must, we think, reflect great credit on it. Up to 2:30 P. M. today, we have not been able to learn that the enemy had appeared in front of Sigel's command in any force. We would have learned the facts had the enemy ventured at attack on our forces in that quarter, this morning. We think it now clear that Lee's look has been turned.

WASHINGTON, November 3.

It is said tonight, in military circles that Col. Guesche, A. A. General of the army, upon duty in the War Department, soon leave upon duty in the field, as Chief of Staff of Maj. Gen. Rosecrans, and that he will be succeeded by Col. James B. Fry, at present Chief of Staff to Gen. Bull.

The entire army has been paid to the 30th of June, and a portion up to the 31st of August. The reason for non-payment as to the remainder is owing to the Treasury Department being unable to honor the requisitions of the Pay Department, the bounty and advance pay to the new levies having been first paid, and this transaction requiring all the available funds.

Gov. Curtin is here to confer with the President upon important military affairs connected with Pennsylvania.

Bar Abner Dupont, in a communication to the Navy Department, relating the circumstances attending the capture of the British steamers Scotia, Angola and Oceania, and the destruction of the Malak, says the crew of the Scotia were in a state of intoxication, so that they became almost unmanageable, and Acting Volunteer Lieutenant ordered them to be transferred on board the Restless and put in irons.

The Angola, when captured, was almost out of coal, and was sent by Capt. Galson, senior officer of Charleston, to Port Royal to be supplied. This is the same vessel which attempted to enter Charleston in September, and being headed off, succeeded in making her escape through the darkness.

Boston November 3.

It is reported that Major-General Banks will have eight regiments of Massachusetts infantry, three batteries of artillery and a regiment of cavalry, as part of his proposed Texas expedition. The 41st regiment, Col. Thomas E. Conner, expects to leave for New York on Friday.

A COUSIN OF JOHN MORGAN WOUNDED.—Major Wash Morgan, who was wounded in the skirmish near Frankfort, on the 18th inst., the mother of John H. Morgan, on Monday, Major Morgan was the cousin of John H. Morgan, and one of his most efficient officers.

Lou. Jour.

The old Republican party is now the Union party. If nobody in Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania is for the Union save this Union party, in what a very bad way the Union must be.

The wife of William H. Perkins has recovered from the New York Central Railroad five thousand dollars damages for the death of her husband, which occurred by the accident at Saquoit creek, in May, 1858. The case has been tried in Monroe county, the defence being that Mr. Perkins was traveling on a free pass when the accident occurred.

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# BY TELEGRAPH.

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# ALEX. MADDOX, OLD STAND ON WALL STREET.

GROCERIES, OLD BOURBON, LIQUORS  
OLD AND NEW HAMS,  
COUNTRY PRODUCE AND A GENERAL  
ASSORTMENT OF FAMILY AND BUT-  
TLE, BUSINESS CONSUMPTIONS FOR CITY  
AND COUNTRY.

A T. M. OLD AND COMMISSION  
Stand, embracing two large and elegant  
three-story stores on Wall Street, I continue  
to carry on, with increased stock and facilities, my  
long established business of furnishing Families  
in City and County, Farmers, Merchant and all  
others, most of the essential commodities con-  
sumed in life, all which I am selling at the  
most favorable rates for cash or such other  
provisions as suits the market. Thankful for the  
liberal patronage so long extended to me in the  
past, and which has enabled me to offer greater  
inducements to customers hereafter. I respectfully  
solicit a continuance of their favors. Be-  
low will be found advertisements of a few of my  
specialties; but it would take up a whole news-  
paper to enumerate all the commodities of  
general necessity which I habitually keep on  
hand. No one can examine my stock and go  
away unsatisfied as to quality and price.

ALEX. MADDOX,  
Old Stand on Wall Street,  
Maysville, July 17

OLD HAMS.—200 two year old can-  
vassed of a lot of some thousands of my  
own curing, still remaining for select use.

ALEX. MADDOX.

NEW HAMS.—500 canvassed Hams of  
my last year's curing, sweet, sound, juicy  
and of unrivalled flavor.

ALEX. MADDOX.

OLD BOURBON.—50 Brs. choice Bour-  
bon Whiskey very old, and highly flavo-  
red and pure.

ALEX. MADDOX.

BOURBON WHISKY.—A large stock of  
pure copper distilled Whisky, from one to  
four years old, always kept on hand for sale low  
by Retail or Gallon.

ALEX. MADDOX.

COMMON WHISKY.—An abundant  
supply of common Whiskies, at very low  
rates, always on hand.

ALEX. MADDOX.

FAMILY FLOUR.—The choicest brands  
always kept.

ALEX. MADDOX.

CORN MEAL.—From picked Flint grain  
and carefully milled, ever on hand.

ALEX. MADDOX.

SUGARS.—Choicest Brown and White  
Sugar always on hand.

ALEX. MADDOX.

COFFEE.—The choicest descriptions al-  
ways kept in full supply.

ALEX. MADDOX.

TEAS.—Green and Black of all the best  
grades.

ALEX. MADDOX.

FISH.—Mackerel, Salmon, Herring,  
Sardines, Lake and other fish.

ALEX. MADDOX.

DRIED FRUITS.—Raisins, Apples and  
Peaches constantly on hand of the best  
quality.

ALEX. MADDOX.

VINEGAR.—The purest Cider  
Vinegar specially manufactured from the  
best orchards expressly for my select customers.

ALEX. MADDOX.

RYE.—Selected grain specially cleaned as a  
substitute for Coffee.

ALEX. MADDOX.

CHARCOAL.—Always in full supply.

ALEX. MADDOX.

CORN IN THE EAR.—Selected sound  
corn in the ear always on hand.

ALEX. MADDOX.

CORDAGE.—Hemp and Manila ropes of  
all sizes from a plough line to a ship's cable  
always on hand.

ALEX. MADDOX.

OKUM.—Choice prepared always on  
hand.

A. MADDOX.

BLOCK AND TACKLE.—An assortment  
embracing all sizes of superior construction.

ALEX. MADDOX.

CHEESE.—The most select brands of rich,  
pure, butterfat cheese.

ALEX. MADDOX.

STONEWARE.—Every kind of vessels  
of the best manufactured earthenware.

ALEX. MADDOX.

SALT.—Best Rockaway and Ohio River  
Salt by the Brl. and Table Salt by the bag.

A. MADDOX.

COAL OIL.—The best Coal Oil for lamps  
at retail.

ALEX. MADDOX.

CANDLES.—Choicest brands of Star and  
Fallow candles, adapted to all seasons.

ALEX. MADDOX.

SOAPS.—The best manufactured German,  
Rosin, country-made, for washing clothes,  
scrubbing, &c., and choice toilet and perfumery  
varieties.

ALEX. MADDOX.

CHOICE IMPORTED FRENCH BRAND-  
Y.—I have bought out John A. Coburn's  
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FOR THE PEOPLE!

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SATISFACTION MY AIM!

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I also keep constantly on hand, and MANU-  
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Maysville, June 19 1862-ly

FRANK & COONS,  
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Prompt attention paid to Collecting. 2d  
June 12, 1862.



☞ Socrates, seeing a scolding wife who had hanged herself on a tree exclaimed. 'Oh, that all trees should bear such fruit!'

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[October 30th 1962]

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A sufficient number of competent teachers are  
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pupils. W. W. RICHESON, Principal.  
July 24th 1932-1f

**MAYSVILLE, KY:**  
August 7, 1964-2pm



## MARY MOORE.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore.

Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins. My first recollection is of a young gentleman in a turkey-red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old. That young gentleman was I, myself, Harry Church, that blue-eyed baby was Mary Moore.

Later still, I saw myself at the little red school house, drawing my painted sled up to the door, and arranging my overcoat upon it, that Mary might ride home. Many a black eye have I gained on such occasions, for other boys liked her besides me, and she, I am afraid, was something of a flirt, even in her piano. How daintily she came tripping down the steps when I called her name. How sweetly her blue eyes looked up to me from the curious folds of her winter hood. How gaily her merry laugh rang out, when by dint of superhuman exertions, I kept her sled before the rest, and let her stand upon the steps exultingly to see them all go by. The fairy laugh! No one but Mary could let her heart lie so on her lips. I followed that laugh up from my days of childhood, till I grew to be an awkward, blushing youth; I followed it through the heated noon of manhood; and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb to my knee and call me "father," I find that the memories of youth are strong, and that gray hairs and all, I am following that music still.

When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my life came to me. I was sent away to a western school, and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years. This, to me, was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life itself to me. But hearts are very tough things after all. I left college in all the flush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward and embarrassed. I had grown into a tall, slender stripling, with a very good opinion of myself in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and wonder her with my good looks and wonderful attainments, never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me still more. "Was a fat puppy, I know; but as youth and good looks have fled, I may be believed when I say that self-conceit has left me also."

An advantageous proposal was made to me at this time, and, accepting it, I gave up all idea of a profession, and prepared to go to the Indies. In my hurried visit home of two days I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding school in Massachusetts, and was not expected home until the next fall. I gave one sign to the memory of my little blue-eyed play-mate and then called myself a man.

In a year, I thought, as the stage whirled away from our door, in a year or three years at the most I will return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be—why, then, perhaps I may marry her.

I stroked her my building monstrosity with complacency, while I settled the future of a young lady I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not stoop with grateful tears to pick up the handkerchief whenever I choose to throw it at her feet.

But now I know that had Mary met me then she would have despised me. She is far above me as the heavens are above the earth. Perhaps, in the scenes and affected student, she might have found plenty of sport; but as for loving me, or feeling the slightest interest in me, save a regret that I should make such an unmitigated donkey of myself, I know she would not.

India was my salvation, not merely because of the plentiful share of gold I had laid up, but because my earnest labor had counteracted the evil of nature and made me a better man. And when at the end of the three years I prepared to return, I had written nothing to the dear ones I was about to meet of the reformations which I knew had taken place. "They loved me as I was," I murmured to myself, "and they shall find for themselves if I am worth the loving as I am."

I packed up many a token from that land of gold for the friends I was about to meet. The gift for Mary Moore was one selected with a beating heart—a ring of rough, virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside. That was all, and yet the little toy thrilled me strangely as I balanced it upon the tip of my finger. To the eyes of others it was but a small, plain circlet, suggestive though perhaps, by its daintiness, of the dainty white hand that was about to wear it. But to me—oh, me—how much was embodied there! A loving smile on a beautiful face—low words of welcome—a happy home and sweet smiling face there—a group of merry children to climb upon my knee—all these delights were hidden in that ring of gold.

A tall, bearded, sun-bronzed man, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter showed me that company was assembled there. I hoped my sister Lizzie would come to the door, and that I might greet my family when no strangers were looking curiously on. But no, a servant girl answered my summons; they were too merry in the parlor to heed that long absent one when he asked for admittance. Some such bitter thoughts were passing through my mind as I heard the sounds from the parlor, and saw the half-suppressed smile on the servant's face.

I hesitated a moment before I made myself known or asked after the family. And while I stood silent a strange apparition grew up before me. From behind the servant peered out a small, golden head—its tiny delicate form followed, and a sweet, childish face and blue eyes were lifted up to mine, so like the one that brightened my boyhood, that I started back with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What may you name her, little one?" I asked, while the wondering servant held the door.

She lifted up her hand as if to shade her eyes—I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time—and answered in a sweet, bird-like voice—

"Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked.

"Mary Moore Chester," whispered the little child.

My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood! Frank Chester, my boyhood rival, who had tried in vain to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last and won the woman away from me! And I must go there and meet her again, and then go away for ever and die—if God would let me.

I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow, and, hiding my face in my hands, leaned against the door. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put her pretty lips as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor, and called my sister out to find out who it could be that conducted himself so strangely.

I heard a light step and pleasant voice saying:

"Did you wish to see my father, sir?"

I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear sister I loved so well. I looked at her a moment, and then stifling the tumult of my heart by an effort, I opened my arms and said:

"Jennie, don't you know me?"

"Harry! Oh, my brother Harry!" she cried, and threw herself upon my breast. She wept as if her heart would break. I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all. There was a rush and a cry of joy, and then my mother and father sprang toward me and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears. Oh, strange and passing sweets such a greeting to the wayward traveler. And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand, while Jennie clung beside me, I felt that all was not yet lost, and though another had secured life's choicest blessing, many a joy remained for me in this dear sanctuary of home.

"There were four others, inmates of the same room, who had risen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen, and who now stood by Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie, Mary Moore's eldest sister, and in a distant corner, where she had hurriedly retreated, when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtain that fell to the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was over, Jennie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand. "Welcome home, my home," he said, with loud, cheerful tones I remembered so well. "You have changed so I would never have known you; but no matter for that—your heart is in the right place, I know."

"How can you say he is changed?" said my mother gently. "To be sure he looks older and graver, and more like a man than when he went away; but his eyes and smile are the same as ever. It is that heavy heart that changes him—he is my boy still!"

"Yes, mother," I answered sadly, "I am your boy still."

God help me! At that moment I felt like a lost sheep. I had been a blessed relief to have writ upon her bosom, as I had done in my infancy. But I kept down the beating of my heart, and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I looked in his face and hand some face—

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better."

"Oh, yes—thank you for your compliment. My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day."

His wife! Could I hear that name and keep silent still?

"And have you seen my little girl?" he asked, lifting the infant in his arms, and kissing her crimson cheek. "I tell you, Harry, there is not another like her in the United States. Don't you think she looks very much like her mother used to?"

"Very much," I faltered.

"Hullo!" said Frank, with a suddenness that made me start violently; "I had forgotten to introduce you to my wife. I believe you and she used to be playmates in your young days. Eh, Harry," and he slapped me on the back. "For the sake of old times, and because you were not at the wedding, I will give you leave to kiss her once; but mind, old fellow, don't repeat the ceremony—Come, here she is, and for once I will manage those ferocious moustaches of yours in the operation!"

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing, toward me. A gleam of light came over me, almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought, "Not Mary!"

It must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room, but nothing was said; even Frank was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife and hurried to the silent figure looking out of the window.

"Mary—Mary Moore," said I, in a low voice, "have you alone no welcome to give the wanderer?"

She turned and laid her hand in mine; and murmured hurriedly: "I am glad to see you here, Harry."

Simple words—and yet how blest they made me! I would not have yielded up that moment for an emperor's crown. There was the happy home group, and the dear homefireside, and sweet Mary Moore! The eyes I had dreamed of by night and of day were talking before the ardent gaze of mine, and the sweet face I had so long prayed to see was there before me—more beautiful than before. I never knew till that moment the meaning of real happiness.

Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy then is fast turning gray. I am growing to be an old man, and can look back to a long, happy and well-spent life. And yet, sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day, for the love that made my manhood so bright, shines also upon me in my white hairs. An old man! Can this be so? At heart I am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from her brow that has a slight furrow in it, is still the Mary of my earlier days. To me she can never grow old or change. The heart that held her in infancy, and sheltered her piously in the flush and beauty of womanhood, can never cast her out till life shall cease to warm it. Nor even then, for love still lives in Heaven.

MONEY IN THE SOUTH.—The Frankfort (Ky.) correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer says:

The rebel officers had an abundance of gold. Where did they get it? To Tennessee. Northern gold, which was sent out by New York and Boston cotton-buyers into Tennessee in July and August. So we cut our noses off. We enforce blockade, and then go to trading with the rebels, buying their produce with gold.

A gentleman arrived here from Middle Tennessee. He says gold is abundant there. United States notes are usually refused, but they are preferred to Confederate paper.

Every-body has an abundance of money. There is no great suffering among the people. They have enough to eat, but are at a standstill. The negroes were quiet, and everybody was waiting to have the war come to an end.

Modesty in woman is like color on her cheek—decidedly becoming, if not put on,

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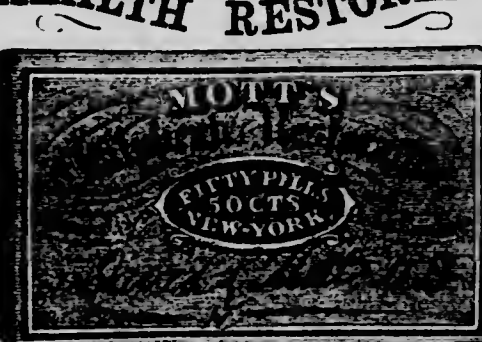
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An aperient and stomachic preparation of IRON purified of Oxygen and Carbon by combustion in Hydrogen, of high medical authority and extraordinary efficacy in each of the following complaints, viz.:

DEBILITY, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, EMACIATION, DYSPPEPSIA, DIARRHÆA, CONSTIPATION, SCROFULA, SALT RHEUM, SCURVY, JAUNDICE, LIVER COMPLAINTS, RHEUMATISM, MERCURIAL CONSEQUENCES, INTERMITTENT FEVERS, NEURALGIA, CHRONIC HEADACHES, FEMALE WEAKNESS, MIS-MENSTRUATION, WHITES, CHLOROSIS, &c., PIMPLES ON THE FACE, ROUGHNESS OF THE SKIN.

The IRON being absorbed by the blood, and thus circulating through the whole system, no part of the body can escape their truly wonderful influence.

The experience of thousands daily proves that no preparation of Iron can for a moment be compared with it. Impurities of the blood, depression of vital energy, pale and otherwise sickly complexions indicate its necessity in almost every conceivable case. In all cases of female debility (chlorosis, etc.), its effects are delightfully renovating. No remedy has ever been discovered, in the whole history of medicine, which exerts such prompt, happy, and fully restorative effects. Good appetite, complete digestion, rapid acquisition of strength, with an unusual disposition for active and cheerful exercise, immediately follow its use. As a grand stomachic and general restorative it has no superior and no substitute.

Put up in neat tin boxes containing 50 pills, price 50 cents per box; six boxes, \$2.50; or dozen boxes, \$4.00. For sale by Druggists generally. Will be sent free to any address on receipt of the price. All letters, orders, etc., should be addressed to

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FOR THE CURE OF CANKER, SALT RHEUM, Erysipelas, Scrofulous Diseases, Cutaneous Eruptions, Sores, and every kind of Diseases arising from an impure state of the Blood.

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June 19

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